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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1798, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with few exceptions, is the oldest paper in the country. It is a weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading--editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable features and household departments. Regarding so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

THE NEWPORT HORSEMANSHIP SOCIETY--Andrew S. Melville, President; Daniel J. Douglass, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays.

12, '13

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veteran. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Bold; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hull.

2, '13

NEWPORT LOBOUX, No. 11, K. of P. Sidney D. Harvey, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3d Fridays.

12, '13

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. K. of P. S. Knight Captain F. A. C. Stuart, J. W. Schwartz, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.

2, '13

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 29, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin--Louis Jack, President; Louis W. Cravat, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.

1, '13

J. J. JOSEPHSON LODGE, President, Joe Daniels; Treasurer, Daniel Rosen; meets 1st and 3d Sundays.

2, '13

Local Matters.

Poor Street-Car Service.

In spite of the double tracking of Bath road to allow of better handling of the crowds that went to go to the Beach, the street railway company is still making bad work of it. It was supposed by those who advocated the double-tracking that the company would take full advantage of the outright gift by the city of Newport of one of its principal streets, but the contrary seems to be the case. Instead of holding city-bound cars at the Beach long enough to assure that there shall be no wait at the end of the double-track, the cars seem to leave about as their crews desire, and there is plenty of congestion on Bath road, with delay to the cars, irritation to the passengers, and interference with vehicular traffic on the street. Monday afternoon the handling of the traffic that was drawn to the Beach to see Miss Law in her aeroplane flight was about as conspicuously incompetent as is often seen. The MERCURY advocated the double-tracking of Bath Road when the matter was before the council, but believes the management of the railroad develops no intelligence in operation than has yet been shown; it will be a matter of regret.

The vessels of the New York Yacht Club will rendezvous at New London on August 6, and will make the run to Newport on August 8, lying over here the next two days for the races for the Astor and the Kingley cups. The Astor cups are presented this year by Mr. Vincent Astor, following the custom of his father, the late Col. John Jacob Astor. After the races off this port the yachts will start on the long run to Provincetown and thence to Marblehead.

The second annual exhibition under the auspices of the Art Association of Newport was held at the Hunt Studio on Church street on Monday and Tuesday, and was pronounced much better than the exhibition of last year. Monday was devoted to a private view for members of the Association and their friends, and Tuesday was open to the general public. The attendance was excellent.

Mrs. Margaret Miller of Pittsburg, a sister of Mrs. James P. Corzino and Mrs. Carl Jorgens of this city, has purchased the handsome residence of the late Howard Smith on Mt. Vernon street, and will have it thoroughly overhauled and repaired for her occupancy. The purchase includes a considerable portion of the large grounds surrounding the house.

The annual reunion of the Ninth Regiment, Rhode Island Volunteers, was held at the Newport Beach on Thursday, with forty members and a number of guests in attendance. Mr. J. L. Greene was in charge of the arrangements and everything went off perfectly, an excellent dinner being enjoyed.

The rain of Thursday night did much good to the lawns and vegetation generally. It rained hard practically all night and the total fall was considerable. The rain was much needed as the lawns have been burning up for some time and the ponds are beginning to show the effect of constant drawing of water.

Mr. James J. Dugan is now operating the city ambulance, the contract having been awarded to him by the board of aldermen. Heretofore the ambulance has been kept in the Curriston stable ever since its presentation to the city by former Alderman DeLancey Kane.

Haynes & Nason are occupying their new quarters in the Allen building at the corner of Spring and Stone streets. They were forced to vacate their store on Franklin street on account of the new Federal building, which is to occupy a large part of the land.

Mr. G. M. Hutton of Baltimore, who is occupying his handsome residence, "Hamrock Cliff," is slowly recovering from painful injuries which he received in assisting a groom to subdue a fractious horse. No bones were broken but he was badly straitened.

The quiet town of Jamestown has figured in the police news this week, a quintet from that town being fined by the police court for revelling on the streets of Newport.

The Beach now has some fire-fighting apparatus in the shape of a re-made chemical engine loaned by the Newport fire department.

Senator R. Livingston Beeckman has returned from Europe and will remain at his Newport residence for some months.

Mr. and Mrs. John duFais have returned from Bar Harbor.

Bench has Largest Crowd.

The crowd at the Beach last Sunday was probably the largest in the history of that resort. All day long, the sands were crowded with people, and the bathing facilities were taxed to the utmost, with many persons waiting for their chance to try a dip in the water. The board walk was packed, while the roller coaster, Old mill, and all the other attractions had all the business that they could handle.

The big attraction of the day was of course the ascent by Miss Ruth Law in her biplane. She made two flights, one at noon and the other at 4 o'clock, and both were perfect. When the afternoon flight was made the Beach was literally packed with humanity. The tide was fairly low, so there was a good stretch of sand, and the people crowded about the machine so that there was little chance for a start. They were finally pushed back and the machine had a chance to start. The flight was a beautiful one, covering the water, Easton's point, a part of Bath road and the Cliffs. Heads were craned aloft from all directions, the street cars, automobiles, and carriages that were carrying their throngs all having heads protruding from every portion of the vehicles. When it came time for the descent, and the people on the Beach saw the big machine hovering over their heads and approaching the sand, they were more ready to give it room, and they scattered to all directions as it landed gently to its resting place on the sand. Since then Miss Law has made two flights daily and all have been most successful.

Sunday saw a really enormous crowd in Newport, and there were no special excursions to augment the regular Sunday travel. The various steam-boats brought down big crowds from up the river while the trolley lines were taxed to their utmost capacity. Both the Fall River and the Providence lines had heavy travel all day and were running all the cars that they had available. The roads from all directions were covered with automobiles during the entire day, most of them going to the Beach for the day. The Beach is able to draw the automobile owners as well as those who travel by trolley, showing that its attractions appeal to all classes.

There was an interesting swimming contest Sunday afternoon, the course being from Bailey's Beach to Easton's Beach. One of the contestants gave out when he had nearly completed the course, and had to be taken into the accompanying boat while off the Forty Steps. The other young man finished the race alone and was going strong at the close.

As one result of the visit of the House naval committee to this city last week, it is quite likely that a bill will be introduced in Congress for the extension of the torpedo-building plant at the Torpedo Station here. The members of the committee were all favorably impressed with the work in that department, and inasmuch as the Navy must have torpedoes, it was thought that the work might be done here.

Miss Cecilia W. Feeney, of this city, and Mr. John F. Flood of New York, formerly of Newport, were united in marriage at the Church of the Holy Rosary in New York on Sunday last, the ceremony being performed by Rev. James H. Flood, brother of the groom. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. John Feeney of this city, and has been a very popular teacher in the Lenthal School.

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New Ice Association.

An association has been formed in Newport this week for the purpose of getting ice supplied to the people of the city at a lower figure than they have been paying. The organization is not engaged in retailing ice, but obtains its supply by the carload which is supplied to the peddlers at a price that allows them to retail it at \$10.00 a ton. In fact this is one of the stipulations that the retail price shall not be greater than 60 cents a hundred pounds.

There had been some efforts made along this line for several days, and on Monday afternoon, the Relief Ice Association was formally organized, with Ernest Voigt as general manager. Among the associates are Hon. George Peabody Wetmore, Hon. William Palmer Sheppard, Mayor William MacLeod, Messrs. Clark Burdick, Harry A. Titus, John R. Austin, E. P. Garrison, Benjamin F. Dowling III, Edward A. Sherman, and Herbert L. Dyer.

The Association is receiving a carload of ice a day and thus far has had

no difficulty in disposing of its supply

to peddlers who agreed not to charge

more than the stipulated price. All

the officers are serving without pay,

except the assistant manager who de-

votes all his time to the work.

Drowned in the Harbor.

There was a peculiar drowning accident in the harbor, near the Van Zandt avenue pier, last Sunday afternoon. A party of young men came down from Providence to the Van Zandt pier, and were preparing for swim in the upper harbor. One of the number Alexander Revle, 22 years old, was ready first, and pulled up the tender of the launch, which was floating astern, and climbed in. That was the last that was seen of him, for when some of the others looked around a few moments later, he was not in the tender, and was nowhere to be seen.

The launch cruised about the spot

where he was supposed to have gone

overboard, and usual vessels in the vicinity assisted in the search but no trace of his body could be found.

The police were notified by a launch from one of the bathhouses, which chanced to be passing soon after the drowning occurred. Revle was unattached and was employed in the shop of Brown & Sharpe in Providence.

Shortly after midnight Saturday morning, there was a alarm of fire from box 108 in the Point section, and the apparatus was rushed over there in a hurry, only to find that the box had apparently been rung as a very funny "joke." Officer Coggeshall was suspicious of a party of sailors whom he had seen a short time before on their way to the Training Station, and the board of aldermen were asked to investigate. Although all the men who had come onto the island after the hour that the box was struck denied any knowledge of the affair, Captain Welles persisted in his investigation, and finally extracted a confession from three apprentices. He immediately offered to turn the men over to the civil authorities, but it was decided to leave their punishment to the naval officers, and they are undoubtedly very sorry now for their "joke."

The executive committee of the Newport Improvement Association held a meeting last Saturday morning, at which the report of the distinguished landscape architect, Frederick Law Olmsted, was presented. Mr. Olmsted had been engaged by the Association to make a study and present plans for the development of Newport, the scheme to cover many years of steady improvement. The report as presented is a comprehensive one, and takes into consideration the many phases of Newport life. It is the intention of the Association to hold a public meeting next month and show the various drawings by stereopticon.

The town of Jamestown is one of the towns that has been warned by Governor Pothier to suppress its gambling.

Jamestown has always had a splendid

reputation for morality, especially con-

sidering that it is a summer resort, and also a garrison town.

Burglars are reported in the Broad-

way section of the city. Mr. Samuel T.

H. Alman lost a sum of money from

his Hope street residence last Sunday,

and Mr. Fred W. Greene reports that a

taking dog stole away house breakers

from his residence.

The engagement has been announced

of Miss Elizabeth Schuyler Mills of

Pelham Manor, N. Y., and Mr. Joseph

Whitton Lippincott of Philadelphia, a

well known summer resident of James-

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town.

Mr. Hamilton M. Twombly will

sail for Japan early in August to be

gone for some time. She will be accom-

panied by her daughter, Miss Ruth

Vanderbilt Twombly.

Mr. and Mrs. John duFais have re-

turned from Bar Harbor.

The Beach now has some fire-fighting

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DANNY'S OWN STORY

By DON MARQUIS

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CHAPTER XIV.

The Doctor Has a Conscience.

THEY was something about him T now that didn't fit in much with the Dr. Kirby I had known. It seemed like he had spoils when he saw himself how he had changed. He wasn't gay and joking all the time like he had been before neither. I guess the doctor was getting along toward fifty years old.

Drinking was making him think a lot, and thinking was making him look old. He was more'n one year older than he had been a year ago.

He kept a quart bottle in his room now. The night after we had took Sam to see Dr. Jackson he was setting in his room, and he was biting it pretty hard.

"Danny," he says to us after awhile like he was talking out loud to himself, too, "what did you think of Dr. Jackson?"

"I don't like him much," I says.

"Nor I," he says, frowning, and takes a drink. "But he's a blanc night more decent than I am, for all of that."

"Why?" I asks him.

"Because, Dr. Jackson," he says, hasn't the least idea that he isn't decent and getting his money in a decent way, while at one time I was—

"He breaks off and don't say what he was. I asks him, "I was going to say a gentleman," he says, "but on reflection I doubt if I was ever anything but a cheap imitation."

I seen now the kind of conversations he is always having with himself when he gets jest so drunk and is thinking hard. Only this time it happens to be out loud.

Being a gentleman didn't bother me one way or the other. The only reason I didn't want to see them niggers bunched so very bad was just because I was such a low down, uncouth kind of trick.

"It ain't too late," I says, "to pull out of this nigger scheme yet and set into something more honest."

"I don't know," he says thoughtful, "I think perhaps it is too late." And he sets there looking like a man that is going over a good many years of life in his mind. Pretty soon he says:

"As far as honesty goes—it isn't that so much, O Daniel-come-to-judgment! It's about as honest as most medicine-games. It's"— He stopped and frowned again.

"What is it?"

"It's them belling niggers," he says.

That made the difference for me too. I know, how nor why.

"Do you know what's the matter with me?" he asks.

I asks him what.

"I'm too decent to be a crook," he says, "and too crooked to be decent. You're got to be one thing or the other steady to make it pay."

Then he says:

"Did you ever hear of the descent to Ayer's, Danny?"

"I might," I tells him, "and then again I mightn't. But if I ever did I don't remember what she is. What is she?"

"It's the chute to the infernal regions," he says. "They say it's great ed. But it isn't. It's really no easier sliding down than it is climbing back."

"Well, I seen this nigger scheme of ours wasn't the only thing that was troubling Dr. Kirby that night. It was thinking of all the schemes like it in the years past he had went into. He was seeing himself how he had been changing, like another person could do to him. That's the main trouble with drinking to forget yourself. You forget the wrong part of yourself."

I left him pretty soon and went alone to bed. My room was next to his, and they was a door between so the two could be rented together if wanted, I suppose. I went to sleep and woke up agin with a start out of a dream that had left it millions and millions and millions of niggers, every way you looked, and their mouths was all open red and their eyes walled white, fit to scare you out of your shoes.

I heard Dr. Kirby moving around in his room. But pretty soon he sets down and begins to talk to himself. Everything else was quiet. I was kind of worried about him, he had taken so much, and hoped he wouldn't get a notion to go downtown that time o' night. So I thinks I will see how he is acting and steps over to the door between the rooms.

The key happened to be on my side, and I unlocked it. But she only opens a little ways, for his wash stand was near to the belling end of the door.

I looked through. He is setting by the table, looking at a woman's picture that is propped up on it and talking to himself. He has never heard me open the door, he is so interested. But somehow he don't look drunk. He looks like he had fought his way up out of it somehow.

"God help you! If you'd only stay away it wouldn't be so hard to go to hell," he says to the picture.

There's a lot of counties in Georgia where the blacks are equal in number to the whites and two or three counties where the blacks number over the whites by two to one. It was for a little town in one of the latter that we planted ourselves. Dr. Kirby and me and Sam—right into the blickest part of the black belt.

That country is full of big sized plantations where they raise cotton, cotton, cotton and then more cotton.

Some new concern that ain't never been in them parts and is figgering on buying cotton.

"No," the doctor says, "we ain't cotton buyers."

Another prominent citizen has the idea webby we is figgering on one of these bare inter-Deuben trolley lines, so the trolley in this village can ride over and visit the trolley in the next. And another one thinks webby we is figgering on a telephone line.

Finally, after every one has a chew of butchers leaf tobacco all around, one prominent citizen makes so bold as to ask us, "What is it you was selling?" The doctor says medicine.

Pretty soon one of them asks:

"What kind of medicine?"

The doctor he tells about it.

When he thinks you never seen such a change as had come on to the faces of that bunch. I never seen such disgusted prominent citizens in my life. They looked at each other, embarrassed, like they had been kocked at something ornery. And they went out, one at a time, saying good night to the hotel keeper and in the most pluted way, taking no notice of us at all. It certainly was a chill. We seen something is wrong, and we begins to have a notion of what it is.

The hotel keeper, he splits out his chaw and goes behind his little counter and takes a five cent cigar out of his little showcase and bites the end off careful. Then he leans his elbows on his counter and rends our names to himself out of the register book and looks at us and from us to the names and from the names to us, like he is trying to bigger out how he come to let us write 'em there. Then he wants to know where we come from before we come to Atlanta, where we had registered from. We tells him we is from the north.

Then he says, we better go back north.

"Why?" asks the doctor.

He chewed his cigar pretty tight up to the middle of it before he answered, and when he spoke it was a soft kind of a drawl—not mad or loud—but like they was sorrowful thoughts working in him.

"You all done struck the wo'st paht o' the south to peddle yo' nigger medicine in, sub. I reckon yo' must lose 'em a heap to be that concerned over the color of their skins."

And he turned his back on us and went into the back room all by him self.

CHAPTER XV.

Doc Kirby and the Bishop.

WE seen we was in wrong in that town. The doctor says it will be no use trying to introduce our stuff there, and we might as well leave there in the morning and go over to Baldstow, which was a little place about ten miles off the rail road, and make our start there.

So we got a rig the next morning and drove across the country. No one bid us, goodby neither, and Dr. Kirby says it's a wonder they treated us the rig.

But before we started that morning we noticed a funny thing. We hadn't so much as spoke to any nigger, except our own nigger Sam, and he couldn't of told all the niggers in that town about the stuff to turn niggers white, even if he had set up all night to do it.

But every last nigger we saw looked like he knew something about us. Even after we left town our nigger driver haled two or three niggers to the road that acted that-a-way.

It seemed like they was all awful polite to us. And yet they was different in their politeness than they was to them Georgia folks, which is their natcharat born bosses—acted more familiar, somehow, as if they knew we must be thinking about the same thing they was thinking about.

About halfway to Baldstow we stopped at a place to get a drink of water. Seemingly the white folks was away for the day, and an old nigger come up and talked to our driver while Sam and us was at the well.

I seen them cutting their eyes at us, whilst they was unchecking the bosses to let them drink, too, and then I heard the ones that belonged there say:

"Is yo' nash dat bit air dem?"

"Sush!" says the driver.

"How come yo' so all powerful subah about it?"

The driver pertended he don't know what the doctor is talking about. But Dr. Kirby he finally pins him down. Sam hemmed and hawed considerable, making up his mind whether he better lie to us or not. Then, all of a sudden, he busted out into an awful fit of laughing and like to of fell in the well. Seemingly he decided fur to tell us the truth.

From what Sam says then their disapp is been holding revival meetings in Big Bethel, which is a nigger church right on the edge of Baldstow, and niggers fur miles around has been coming night after night, and some of them whooping her up daytimes too.

What he has been prophesying, Sam says, is the coming of a Messiah fur the nigger race—a new Ellisbahn, he says, as will lead them from out their inequality and bring 'em up to white standards right on the spot.

It seems the whites don't know yet jest what the bishop's been a-preaching. But every nigger fur miles on every side of Big Bethel is a-listening and a-looking fur signs and omens, and has been fur two, three days now. This here half crazy bishop has got 'em worked up to where they is ready to believe anything or do anything.

So the night before when the word got out in Cottonville that we had some scheme to make the bigger white the niggers there took up with the idea that the doctor was webby the feller the bishop had been prophesying about, and for a sign and a omen and a miracle of his grace and powers was going out to Big Bethel to turn 'em white.

News spreads among niggers quicker

than among whites. Since 9 o'clock the night before the news had spread fur miles around that Bishop Warren's Messiah was on his way and was going fur to turn the bishop white to show his power and grace, and he had with him one he had turned part white, and that was Sam, and one he had turned clear white, and that was

that's what Sam says they are looking fur, dozens and scores and hundreds of them niggers round about Sam who had lived in town five or six years, and he looked down on all these here ignoramus country niggers. So he was out laughing at first and he pretends like he don't take no stock in any of it. Besides, he knew well enough he wasn't spotted up by no Messiah, but it was the dope in the bottles done it. But as he told about them going on Sam got more and more interested and warmed up to it, and his voice went into a kind of a singsong. Like he was prophesying this.

For my part, I never heard such a lot of dern foolishness in all my life.

But the doctor, he says nothing at all.

He listens to Sam ranting and rolling out big words and raving and only frowns. He was webby thinking how much easier this Messiah business would make the hull scheme.

For us part, I never heard such a lot of darn foolishness in all my life.

But the doctor, he says nothing at all.

He wants part of the graft. He wants to get together with the doctor on a plan before the doctor sees the niggers. And if the doctor don't want to keep on with the niggers end of it the bishop shows him how he could do him good with no "miracle attachment." Fur he has an awful bolt on them niggers, and his say so will sell thousands and thousands.

What he is looking for jest now is his little take-out.

That was his craftiness and his cunningness working to him. But all of a sudden one of his crazy streaks comes bringin to the surface. It comes with a wild, eager look in his eyes.

"Sub," he cries out all of a sudden, "ef yo' kin make me white, fo' Gaudy makes do hit. Do hit. Ef yo' does I givin ter blest yo' all yo' dayz."

"Yo' don't know—no one kin guess or comprehend—what des' bein' white would mean ter me! Lawd, lawd!" he says, his voice soft spoken, but more eager than ever as he went on, and pleading something pitiful to hear.

"Des' think of all de Caucasian blood in me! Gaudy knows de nights er my youth I so laid awake twall de dawn come red in de east a-cryin' out fer him only fo' ter be white. Des' ter be white. Don' min', dem black, black niggers dar. Des' think er dem. Des' ain't with nothin' nor listen to no fate, but what they got. But me, what don't key' me from givin' do' tappin' but dat one thing—I wasn't white! Hit too late now—too late to dem ambitions I done trivin' with an above-babin' me—hit's too late, fo' dat! But ef I was des' ter git one'll year o' bein' white—beto'! I died!"

Then the doctor says slow and even, but not severe:

"You go back to your people now, bishop, and tell them they've made a mistake about me. And if you can, undo the harm you've done with this Messiah business. As far as this stuff of mine is concerned, there's none of it for you nor for any other negro."

You tell them that, there's none of it been sold yet and there never will be."

Then we turned away and left him standing there in the road, still with his hat off and his face working.

The nigger with Sam he yells out when he sees us:

"Glory be! Hyah day comes! Hyah day comes now!"

And he threw up his arms and started on a lope up the road toward the church, singling out every ten or fifteen yards. A little knot of niggers come out in front of the church when they hear him coming.

Sam, he stood his ground and waited fur us to come up to him kind of apologetic and sneaking looking about something or other.

"What kind of lies have you been telling these niggers, Sam?" says the doctor, very sharp and short and mad-like.

"I dunno how come day get all dem nigger noplons in de foot hold!" Sam says, "but dey all waitin' dar inside da chuch do—some of de most foul an' de mos' pr'ful ones o' de Big Bethel congregation been dar fo' de las' honah a-watin' an' a-watchin' spite o' de fac' dat reg'lar meanin' ain't givin' ter be called tewell arter supper. De bishop be dar too!"

We seen a little knot of them down the road there in front of the church gathering around the nigger that had been with Sam. They all starts toward us. But one man steps out in front of them all and turns toward them and holds his hands up and waves them back. They all stops in their tracks.

Then he turns his face toward us and comes slow and solemn down the road in our direction, walking with a cane and moving very dignified. He was a couple of hundred yards away.

But as he come closer we gradually seen him plainer and plainer. He was a big man and stout and dressed very neat in the same kind of rig as white bishops wear, with one of these white collars that buttons in the back.

He stops, the bishop does, about ten yards from us and looks us over.

"Ah yo' de geulemen known ter dis hyah sinfus generation by de style an' de entitlement o' Doctor Hester Kirby?" he asks the doctor, very ceremonious and grand.

The doctor gives him a look that wasn't very encouraging, but he nodded to him:

"Will yo' dismiss yo' servant in order dat we kin do' coovee an' communion to de midst er privacy?"

The doctor nods to Sam, and Sam moseys along toward the church.

"Now, then," says the doctor, sudden and sharp, "take off your hat and tell me what you want."

The bishop's hand goes up to his head with a jerk before he thought. Then it stops there, whilst him and the doctor looks at each other. The bishop's mouth opens like he was wondering, but he slowly pulls his hat off and stands there bareheaded in the road. But he wasn't really humble, that bishop.

"Will yo' dismiss yo' servant in order dat we kin do' coovee an' communion to de midst er privacy?"

"Now," says the doctor, "tell me in as straight talk as you've got what all this d— foolishness among you niggers means."

A queer kind of look passed over the bishop's face. He hadn't expected to be met jest that way, webby.

Whether he himself had really believed in the coming of that there new Messiah he had been predicting I never could settle in my mind.

"De wobd has gone fo'th among he faul' fo' de puah to heft," he says, "dat er man has come accredited wi' signs an' wi' marvels an' de poweh o' de sperrit fo' to lay his han' on de sons o' Ham su' ter make 'em des' de same to collub as de yuther sons of earth."

"But how about our stid?" I asks.

"We had two big cases full of sample bottles of that dope, beside our suit cases."

"Hang the dope!" says the doctor, "I don't ever want to see it or hear of it again! We'll leave it here. Put the things out of your suit case into mine, and leave that here too. Sam can carry mine. I want to be on the move."

Established by Franklin in 1811.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, July 26, 1913.

Henry Clews thinks Bryan worth half a million, with an income of forty-two thousand a year.

The Newport Beach is still the great magnet that draws the many thousands who come to Newport.

This is the season of the year when they follow, if he has the where-with-all, likes to hike to the deep woods—or the sea shore.

Newport is having a good season. There is no doubt about that. It is, however, a little quiet. Things will wake up after the first of August.

Providence is still hopeful that the Grand Trunk still intends to build its new line to that city, even though to most of the State the proposed line seems to be defunct.

Borrowers find that money costs more than in 1912. The Democratic reformers should keep their eyes on the cost of living. An advance instead of reduction will be painfully disappointing.

It is a hundred years since the first locomotive got down to practical work. How fast the world moves may be judged from a comparison of the engine of 1813 with a big mountain climber of to-day.

Paterson, N. J., strike has been defeated off. The I. W. W. has been completely beaten, and the workmen are going back on any terms the mill owner will grant. The workers lost over \$10 million in wages.

Taxes were placed on the free list by the present tariff adopted two years ago and the imports are double those of ten years ago. But shoes are no cheaper, another example of the fact that the abolition of an article of duty may be of no benefit whatever to the consumer.

It will be much better for Congress to pass Wilson's free trade bill at once and go home. It is better to die a sudden death than to suffer a long-extended illness. Let the people know the worst and let the party responsible take the blame. The sooner this uncertainty is over the better.

Next year should be a big season in Newport, if Sir Thomas Lipton brings over his new Shamrock to try to lift the Americas' cup. There will undoubtedly be a renewed interest in yachting under these conditions, and Newport will no doubt be the scene of the trying out of the cup defender.

Some day the time will come when the international races will be held off this port, but this will probably not happen in this contest.

But even so, Newport must still be a center of much activity in connection with the races.

Perry Centennial Celebrations.

The cities around the great lakes are doing themselves great credit in the manner in which they are celebrating the centennial of the great victory by Commodore Perry on Lake Erie, September 10, 1813. These cities of celebration began at Erie, Pa., on the week of July 6th. It was very fitting that Erie should begin it, as Perry commanded to build his fleet at this place in March 1813. It was at this place also that the famous ship Niagara was sunk one hundred years ago, and where she was raised, rebuilt, and equipped and put in commission again to show the world what Perry had to fight with two hundred years ago. The next city to celebrate was Lorain, Ohio, to be followed by Toledo. Other celebrations to follow will be at Milwaukee and Green Bay, Wis., Buffalo, N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Detroit, Mich., and Louisville, Ky. To all these places, except Louisville, the Niagara will be taken, convoyed by a fleet of naval and motor boats. The principal celebration will come off at Put-in-Bay, the scene of the battle one hundred years ago, on Sept. 10 and 11, when Rhode Islanders will be present in large numbers.

State College Notes.

The college grounds are crossed by a network of ditches. The largest of these, some 400 ft. in length, extends from Lippitt Hall to the new Science building. In it will be placed a conduit which will carry a five-inch iron pipe for direct steam to the new building and a return two-inch pipe. These will be packed in sponge asbestos.

Other pipes running to Science Hall are for water supply, for gas from South Hall, and for sewer connection with the present system. Other ditches are for the laying of water and sewer pipes to the new fraternity house of the Beta Phi. The connection with the present electric system to Science Hall will be by means of poles starting from College Road at a point just east of the new building.

Extensive renovations are being made at the Theta Chi House in the village which will provide for more sleeping accommodations.

By the removal of a partition in the basement of Lippitt Hall more space is available for the class in light.

Mr. William F. Neil, '11, and Miss Margie Emmett of Peace Dale were married on Monday of this week at the Peace Dale Congregational Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil will reside in Walton, N. Y., where Mr. Neil is a successful doctor.

Mr. William F. Redding, '18, has accepted a position as teacher of Mathematics in a high school in Porto Rico. He will also act as baseball coach.

Mr. James H. Young, '18, of Providence Stock Exchange was at the College this week.

Chief Stowall has resumed his duties at the college, after entering for the past two weeks for the officer of the summer camp at Fort Greble.

Miss Rhode Cargill is a guest at the college camp at Westerque.

NEW HAVEN ROAD IS EXONERATED**Death of Chair Car Passenger****Declared "Accidental"****REPORT OF CORONER PHelan**

Driver of Engine Which Figured In Stamford Disaster Found to Have Been Fit—No Criminal Negligence, but Mild Censure For Running Two Trains in Block

Bridgeport, Conn., July 24.—Neither Engineer Charles J. Doherty nor the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, its servants or agents is guilty of criminal negligence in connection with the wreck of the Springfield express in Stamford June 12, according to the finding of Coroner Phelan of this city.

The finding is based on the death of Ada P. Kelley of Chicago, one of the six passengers killed in the Pullman parlor car Skylark of the first section of the express, which was telescoped by engine 1338 of the second section, and her death is classed as "accidental."

The coroner reviews at some length the evidence taken by him in the hearings at Stamford and Bridgeport and discusses the question of Doherty's competency, the location of the distance signals at Stamford, the use of automatic train stopping devices and the air brake equipment.

On the matter of the engineer's fitness the coroner says "Doherty's alleged incompetency is disproved by his almost perfect service record" and by testimony given by employees and officials of the company. In the matter of practical experience the coroner believes that the "one-year rule" for engineers does not give sufficient experience, and thinks the limit should be increased to two years at least, "but preferably to three years."

While the distance and home signals, he finds, are too close together at Stamford and should, in the interests of safety, be increased to at least 2600 feet, he does not think criminal negligence should be attributed to the company or its signal engineer in connection with their location, because of the fact that Stamford is a predetermined stop and in view of Doherty's "knowledge and obligation to stop" and his "presumed knowledge of the place to start braking."

The practice, however, the coroner says, "of allowing one high speed train to follow another into what is practically the same block and to come within a few feet of another on the same track is a foolhardy one, and a hazard not to be justified by the slight gain in time over that lost by one train remaining in the block behind until the train ahead has cleared from its block." This practice, the coroner finds, also does "rude violence" to the public belief that, to ensure safety, trains while running are kept one block apart.

In reference to the automatic train stops, the coroner says he has no knowledge of the continued use of any approved device on steam or electric roads.

The company is not bound to adopt any particular device that has not proved its success by actual and continued use, the coroner says.

The coroner says he is unable to find that the company is indifferent to the public needs in the matter of steel cars and that it is taking steps to secure more of such equipment.

In concluding the coroner says while there can be no question as to Doherty's competency, he is persuaded by the engineer's nervousness, due partly to his limited experience, and by other evidence, that he did not apply his "air" early enough, but too near the home signal.

The coroner also holds that the company, in view of agreement with the engineers' union, "exercised all required care" in permitting Doherty to run the express.

ABANDON DEMANDS

Ipswich Hosiery Strikers Are Applying For Their Old Jobs

Ipswich, Mass., July 25.—Abandoning their demands for increased wages, 125 former operatives of the Ipswich Hosiery mills, where a strike has been in progress for two months, applied yesterday for their former places.

The strike, which developed serious rioting in which a woman was killed, originally was conducted by leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World, but recently the strikers renounced the Industrial Workers' organization.

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Patricia's Wedding Day Set

London, July 25.—The marriage of Princess Patricia, daughter of the Duke of Connaught, to hereditary Grand Duke Adolph of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, will take place on Oct. 15.

This was settled as though he was worth living. Take one of Carter's Little Liver. Mix after eating, it will stimulate appetite, aid digestion, give tons and vigor to the system.

Mrs. Arthur L. Fish, of Watertown,

Troublesome Mexico.

Whatever may result from the call of Ambassador Wilson to Washington, says a prominent writer, our government has before it a choice of evils. Indeed, under the circumstances the government must do all the talking, take all the responsibility and assume all the expense, if any, while its critics will get any pleasure which may result from the action and will bear none of the burdens should any trouble ensue. For the Administration it is a case of "I made you win, take I lose."

No one, not even President Wilson himself, doubts the seriousness of the situation and the need of a remedy.

The investments of the people of the United States in Mexico are large. Our railroad and mining interests have been greatly injured by the rioting and robbery.

By shooting mining stocks and railroad shares at par, it has been figured that our total investments there exceed a billion dollars; and in

value no doubt they do. In actual worth, however, they probably never exceeded \$771,000,000. Those of Great Britain are estimated at \$269,000,000 and of other countries at \$238,000,000. Thus our own interests in Mexico greatly exceed those of all other foreign countries combined.

The state of Mexico, having been long recognized by all civilized nations, has the natural or international right without foreign interference to engage in civil or foreign war if it wants to. It has the right accorded to all civilized nations indefinitely to destroy foreign-owned property, provided only the law is good to the owners. It has the right accorded to the United States in the Civil War, and to every European nation in comparatively recent wars, to jeopardize the lives of those foreign residents who decline to renounce to places of safety.

The one presumption of difference is the case from all ordinary international usages in whatever degree of obligation may rest upon us in certain extreme circumstances, in view of our generally assumed and recognized attitude under the Doctrine, toward our southern neighbors—as freshly illustrated in the proposed bargain for sovereignty over Rio-Bravo. The question becomes primarily that of whatever implications might follow our recognition de jure as well as de facto of the controlling Mexican faction, and ultimately that of calling the line of duty which could conceivably become the threshold of intervention.

American recognition could itself carry no magical guarantee of peace and order. The Administration is plausibly sensible in standing pat when its information all points to a Huerta column. Should the Washington government recognize the Huerta government, it might speedily find itself in the embarrassing position of having recognized a de facto revolutionist, and perhaps a murderer, in Doherty.

In the case of the engineer's fitness the coroner says "itself" could itself carry no magical guarantee of peace and order. The Administration is plausibly sensible in standing pat when its information all points to a Huerta column. Should the Washington government recognize the Huerta government, it might speedily find itself in the embarrassing position of having recognized a de facto revolutionist, and perhaps a murderer, in Doherty.

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HALF A HUNDRED KILLED BY FIRE

Flames Quickly Destroy Clothing Factory at Binghamton

BODIES RAIN FROM WINDOWS

Building Equipped With Fire Escapes, but Women and Girls Have No Time to Get Out Except by Leaping—Bears Strong Resemblance to Triangle Waist Company Holocaust

Binghamton, N. Y., July 23.—Many persons were killed, according to late estimates, and as many injured, a dozen of them mortally, in a fire which swept the four-story factory building of the Binghamton Clothing company. The victims were chiefly women and girls.

Twenty-two bodies have been recovered. In the city hospital and in private institutions are thirty injured.

Some two-score persons are known to have escaped, as by a miracle, from the building, which burst into flames like a tinder box and became a roaring furnace, almost immediately after the first alarm was sounded.

About 125 persons were in the factory when the fire broke out. The accounted for, or most of them, are believed to be still in the red-hot ruins of the structure.

Around the scene of the catastrophe thousands watched the rescuers work, many in the great throng being restrained by the closely drawn police lines from rushing into the ruins in an effort to find the bodies of relatives or friends.

Water in many streams is being poured into the fiery pit that a few hours ago was the cellar of the burned establishment. As the ruins were cooled a bit from time to time in a spot upon which the streams were centred, men went forward to die as long as human endurance would allow them to work. Occasionally a body was found and taken away.

It will take at least two days, the authorities believe, before the cellar can be cleared and the whole truth of the disaster revealed.

The big, outstanding fact of the catastrophe is its suddenness. In this the disaster bears a strong resemblance to the Triangle Waist company holocaust in New York city, where 147 lives were lost when the inflammable material upon which the employees were working and the waste which littered the floors blazed with inconceivable rapidity and set the imprisoned workers jumping from the windows to their death.

The parallel here holds only in the lesser height and different construction of the building and in the length of the list of dead and injured.

Another resemblance to the New York disaster is that the fire is believed to have been started by the carelessness throwing away of a cigarette butt or matches.

In the tragedy here the killing burst of flame followed quickly upon the alarm. There was small opportunity for any person to use the ordinary or even the emergency means of escape. Fire drills had been carried on regularly. In fact no regularly that the employees had found them monotonous.

The building was equipped with fire escapes, and an automatic alarm system.

The nets and extension ladders were useless. There was no chance of escape for those caught on the upper floors, except the chance of jumping, and this many took, while others fell, shrivelled and crumpled with the heat.

Scarcely one of the survivors was able to give a connected account of what occurred on the upper floors of the factory when the employees there, mostly women and girls, realized that the fire call was no false alarm, and that death was sweeping down upon them. The coolest among them recalled that women fainted by dozens and that a scene of indescribable confusion occurred.

Some of the men employees seem to have kept their heads and to have done their best to rescue the imperiled women.

The fire escapes were not big enough to hold all who rushed madly to the exits, and there was a scramble for the windows. Then from windows and fire escapes bodies began dropping. They fell thick and fast.

The building was but four stories high and many who jumped, even from the topmost floor, escaped with their lives, although most of them were badly maimed.

It was on the fourth floor that most of the women operators were working, and it was among these that the loss of life and injury was greatest.

Bay State Marksmen Win Trophy Wakefield, Mass., July 24.—Massachusetts, for the second time, won the Hayden team match at the Bay State rifle range, defeating the first team of the United States marine corps by thirteen points.

Suicide in Water Barrel

Cornish, Me., July 21.—Mrs. Harriet Chase, aged 86, ended her life in a deliberate way. Clad in her night dress, she sat down in a barrel of water in her kitchen, so that her head was under water.

Boy Killed by Naphtha Fumes Peabody, Mass., July 25.—William J. Jernyn, 19, working over a naphtha tank in the extracting works here, was overcome by the fumes, fell in and died as a result.

Woman Dies at Age of 114

Welles, Cal., July 22.—Mary Morris, 114 years old, died here in the night.

DATES SET FOR RACES

Lipton to Try For America's Cup in September of Next Year

New York, July 21.—A series of races for the America's cup will be sailed in eastern waters during September, 1914. This was formally announced by the cup committee of the New York Yacht club.

The Royal Ulster Yacht club of Belfast, acting for Sir Thomas Lipton, cabled the New York Yacht club committee that the conditions prescribed by the New York Yacht club had been accepted and signed and were on the way to America.

On the receipt of the cablegram the club officials announced that the tentative dates for the races had been selected as follows: Sept. 10, 12 and 16, and to continue on succeeding Thursdays, Saturdays and Tuesdays until three out of five races had been won by one of the contesting yachts.

ICE PRESIDENT RESIGNS

Will Not Stand For Raising of Price by Company Directors

Providence, July 26.—As a protest against the decision of the directors of the Providence ice company to increase the price of their commodity, President Comstock resigned yesterday afternoon.

The high price of ice in Providence was recently the cause of an investigation by the city council, which reported that the company was deserving of severe condemnatory criticism.

Comstock, in a statement said: "I have always believed that an ice company is in a sense a public service corporation, and that it should consider the needs of a community as well as its profits."

WE WANT KENNEDY! CRY OF CONVICTS**Great Disturbance at Another****Fire in Sing Sing**

Ossining, N. Y., July 25.—Another fire at Sing Sing prison gave the mutinous convicts a chance for more demonstrations. The blaze started in the clothing shop and the prison fire brigade extinguished it, after a hard fight, without outside aid.

As the fire progressed the criminals behind locked doors set up a terrific din. "We want Kennedy," came the constant chant.

This protest against the removal of the former warden, who was indicted by the Westchester county grand jury, was the keynote of the entire rebellion.

This was the second fire in the prison buildings this week, notwithstanding the fact that the guards had been doubled since \$150,000 worth of property was burned up there Monday.

BACK TO OLD BERTH

McAdoo Names Hamlin For Assistant Treasury Post at Boston

Boston, July 24.—The appointment of Charles S. Hamlin of Boston to be assistant secretary of the treasury, to succeed James F. Curtis, in charge of the customs service, was recommended by Secretary McAdoo yesterday and President Wilson is expected to send Hamlin's name to the Senate for confirmation within a few days.

Hamlin served in the same capacity under the administration of President Cleveland.

THE HIRAM AT BOSTON

Woman Is Skipper of Ninety-Year-Old Coasting Vessel

Boston, July 24.—Captain Georgia E. Orne sailed her 91-year-old coasting vessel Hiram into Boston and was towed to a berth on the South Bay.

Captain Orne's husband is mate, and her daughter, Lillian B. Orne, is general factotum on the vessel. Two boys complete the crew.

The Hiram sailed from Bangor June 16, stopping at Rockland, Boothbay, Portland and Portsmouth on the way to Boston.

BANK ACCOUNT FATTENED

Court Decides Young Ziegler Entitled to \$4,000,000 More

New York, July 24.—In a decision handed down by Surrogate Cobalan, William Ziegler, Jr., son of the late "Baking Powder King," is given title to the accumulated surplus income of the residuary estate of his father, the late William Ziegler.

Ziegler has reached his majority and the accumulated income, which amounts to about \$1,000,000, will be paid to him immediately.

Killed In Front of His Home

Worcester, Mass., July 25.—Carl F. Johnson was instantly killed in front of his home in Millbury last night by being run down by the limousine of James F. Ray, a mill owner of Franklin.

Two Arsonettes Caught

Glasgow, July 25.—Two suffragettes were arrested here when on the point of setting fire to a large mansion in a suburb of Glasgow.

Jesse Grant Sues For Divorce

Goldfield, Nev., July 25.—Jesse R. Grant, youngest son of former President Grant, filed suit for divorce from Elizabeth C. Grant.

Two Arsonettes Caught

Minneapolis, July 25.—J. C. Russell, once candidate for mayor on the Prohibition ticket, pleaded guilty to fire stealing. He has served nine terms in lockups and lays his down to drink.

Washington Governor of Hawaii

Washington, July 25.—President Wilson nominated L. E. Finkham of Hawaii to be governor of Hawaii.

PEACE MISSION PLAN FAVERED

Bryan May Be Sent to Mexico as Chief Mediator

DISCUSSED AT WHITE HOUSE

Annexation of States in Northern Mexico by United States, in Lieu of Cash Payment For Damages, Suggested as Possible Way of Bringing Peace in the Republic

Washington, July 25.—That Secretary of State Bryan may be dispatched to Mexico at the head of a commission seeking to mediate between the warring factions there was the report current at the Capitol, when it became known that Chairman Flood of the House committee and Bacon of the Senate committee on foreign relations had discussed the question of such a peace move with the president.

"I have heard the name of no man mentioned for this commission," declared Bacon, who, nevertheless, exhibited no surprise that the rumor was abroad. He did not deny the further report that a long telegram on the matter had been sent to Bryan following the talk at the White House.

It appears that Flood is urging this method of meeting the crisis beyond the border. Flood himself would not discuss the matter.

A meeting of the Senate committee is to be held today or tomorrow to hear the chairman's report of progress in the Mexican trouble.

Cession of a portion of northwestern Mexico to the United States, in satisfaction of the enormous claim for damages to the property of Americans which must finally be presented by this country to Mexico, was suggested by Senator Hitchcock, member of the Senate foreign relations committee, as a possible way.

"The Mexican people will be unable to meet our fair claim for damages with cash payment," he said. "It may be that they might agree to give certain territory—Sonora, Chihuahua and the northwestern region—in partial satisfaction. Then an American protectorate might be formed for another zone. A buffer state between the United States and Mexico would not be a bad idea."

"I do not think that a commission of mediation sent to Mexico just now could accomplish much good. We shall have to let events take their course. Recognition of two separate states in Mexico would be preferable to continued warfare if such a plan could bring peace."

Ambassador Wilson will meet President Wilson and Secretary of State Bryan Saturday. As soon as he has laid before the officials his intimate information of the exact conditions in the southern republic the Senate and the House leaders will be called, will have explained to them the plans of the administration and will be asked for the needed support in Congress to put these plans into effect.

TOY PISTOL IN COMMONS

One Shot From It Sends Shivers Along Spines of Statesmen

London, July 24.—There was another brief scare in the house of commons last night, when a blank cartridge was exploded. Home Secretary McKenna was replying to a question about the rearrest of Mrs. Pankhurst when a shot was fired, from the strangers' gallery.

The culprit, a man named Washington, was immediately seized and ejected from the building. There was considerable relief among the members of the house when the pistol was found to be a toy affair.

On July 11 a man fired a toy pistol in the house and created a panic.

CHINESE BATTLE RAGING

Report of Thousands of Casualties in Two Days' Fighting

Shanghai, July 25.—Foreign residents of Shanghai are in grave danger as a result of the fighting between the loyal troops and the southern insurgents. A foreign naval brigade from the warships is being held in readiness to land.

The fighting, which began Wednesday, when 10,000 insurgents attacked Kiangnan arsenal, broke out with renewed fury yesterday. Thousands have been killed or wounded in the two days' fighting.

A MODERN ELOPEMENT

French Airmen Flies Off With Governess In An Aeroplane

Paris, July 25.—A young airman was giving exhibition flights at Niort when a pretty governess fell in love with him. A few days later the airman eloped with her in his aeroplane.

The girl's father lodged a complaint against the airman, accusing him of kidnapping his daughter. The governess said she had eloped with the airman of her own free will. The father's complaint was dismissed.

WOMAN STREET INSPECTOR

Mrs. Pierce Will Receive \$1300 a Year From the Quaker City

Philadelphia, July 25.—For the first time in its history Philadelphia is to have a woman street inspector.

Director Cooke of the department of public works appointed Mrs. Edith W. Pierce, secretary of the Home and School League, to the place which was created a few months ago.

Mrs. Pierce will begin work on Aug. 11 and will receive \$1300 a year.

She will cover the whole city, and will pay particular attention to the condition of schools and homes.

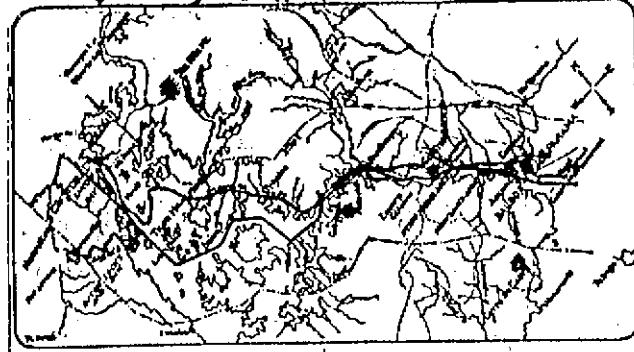
HOWARD ELLIOTT

May Become President of New Haven Railroad

Howard Elliott

FIRST THROUGH the PANAMA CANAL

By E. W. PICKARD



Colon, C. Z.—I am going to take you through the completed Panama canal on the first vessel to pass across the Isthmus from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific. True, the canal is not yet completed, and will not be for a year or so, but that shall not prevent our taking the trip now—on paper.

Let us imagine ourselves, then, on an ocean liner, approaching the Atlantic or northern entrance of the great canal, prepared to enjoy this initial trip and to wonder at the sights in store for us. In that word "northern" lies the first surprise for many of the passengers who, did not know that the canal runs not from east to west, but from northwest to southeast. This seeming anomaly is due to the fact that the Isthmus of Panama here trends almost east and west.

It is still early morning when a watchful passenger shouts "Land," and all who are up rush to the port rail to gaze upon the hilly, jungly coast of the Isthmus between Portobello and Colon. As the steamer plows swiftly through the waters as blue as ever were those of the Mediterranean, a cheer goes up from the deck, for we have caught a glimpse of the Stars and Stripes fluttering above a fringe of coconut palms. That marks the location of one of the big forts built to protect the canal in time of war and is on Margarita Island, virtually a part of the mainland.

Colon, flat and uninteresting, now comes into view, and directly ahead of us an immense breakwater stretches a mile out from the shore to the right. At its land end, on Toro point, is another fort whose great guns are masked by the tropical foliage.

Now we have virtually entered the canal, for the 500-foot channel extends far out from the shore line. At reduced speed we enter Colon harbor and the Bay of Panama and steam past the pretentious Washington hotel, Uncle Sam, proprietor; the docks of Obo, crowded with shipping from the United States, Europe and many a port of Latin America; and the American town of Cristobal on whose water front stands the statue of Columbus sent over long years ago by the Empress Eugenie. Skipping about the bay, looking like long, black water snakes are the cayucas or native dugouts, and moving laisly before the sea breeze are the little sailing craft in which the queer San Blas Indians are bringing their products to market.

Four miles and a half we steam through Panama bay and the shores narrow in on our 500-foot channel, still at tide level. Now look ahead three miles and get a glimpse of the Gatun locks that tremendous flight of three water steps up which we are to be lifted. In a few minutes we reach the towering dividing wall of concrete, our own power is shut off and the electric locomotives on the lock walls take us in tow. Four of these powerful machines attach their hawsers to our ship, two in front to pull it and two astern to keep it steady and to bring it to a stop when entirely within the dock chamber. The immense gates close silently behind us and at once the water begins to flow into the chamber through culverts that have their openings in the concrete floor. Slowly the vessel rises until it is on a level with the second chamber, 18-19 feet above sea level, when the gate ahead is opened and the electric mules move forward, this time up a heavy grade by means of the center rocks in the tracks. Twice this operation is repeated, and now we are at the summit, 85 feet above the sea. The last gate, opens and the locomotives pull us into Gatun lake.

As our propellers begin to turn again and we steam out into this immense artificial lake, a marvellously beautiful landscape is spread before us. The surface of the lake is dotted with islets, once the summits of Tiger hill, Lion hill and a dozen other eminences; on both sides are steep promontories, lovely little peninsulas and deep bays and inlets where the water has spread into the once jungle-filled valleys.

Before we get too far from the locks, let us step to the starboard rail and have a look at the Gatun dam, enormous stretch of rock, sand and clay that has formed Gatun lake by impounding the waters of the Chagres river.

It is in reality a low ridge, one and a half miles long, built across the valley, and when we are told that it is nearly half a mile wide at its base, 400 feet wide at the water surface and 100 feet wide at its crest, which is twenty feet above the level of the lake, how utterly ridiculous seem the fears of those alarmists who predicted the dam would be pushed over by the Chagres in time of flood!

Goodfellow—Here's your health, old chap. By the way, what is that knot in your handkerchief for?

Jolliflow—H'm! That's to remind me I've taken the pledge.

Goodfellow—But you just the minute took a drink.

Jolliflow—Yess. As a matter of fact, I never see the knot till I take out my handkerchief to wipe my mouth.

Nearly in the center of the dam we can see the famous spillway through which pass the surplus waters of the Chagres. It is a concrete lined channel 185 feet wide cut through a hill of rock and across it is built a curved dam of concrete on top of which is a row of regulating gates. Just below the spillway, out of our sight, is the hydroelectric station which supplies power for the operation of the entire canal and the lighting of the whole zone.

Our channel through the lake—for we still cannot follow a path indicated by range towers on the shore—is now a thousand feet wide and leads us somewhat tortuously through a maze of islands. Look down as we near some of them and you will see below the surface the tops of giant trees. For we are sailing over what but a few months ago was the valley of the Chagres, dense with tropical vegetation and dotted with native villages surrounded by banana and coconut plantations. Close to the shore the stumps of the trees still stretch their naked, dead limbs above the water, but before long these, too, will have rotted and fallen, leaving the haurtian landscape unmarred.

Passing over the after of Boblo, Frigoles and Chagresio, we now come to the place where Taberilla once stood, and here both lake and channel narrow down, the latter being first 500, then 700 and finally 500 feet wide. On the hillside to the right stand a few abandoned houses, all that remains of Manel, Juan Grando, Gorgona and Matachil, busy places while the canal was building, now covered by the spreading waters. Along the left shore of the channel runs the located Panama railway and here at Gamboa it crosses the Chagres river, which our vessel now leaves to enter the far famed Culebra cut. This great gash through the spine of the continent is 300 feet wide at the bottom, but because of the tremendous earth slides which cost Uncle Sam so much money, and thus, its width at the top is astonishing, being half a mile just here opposite the town of Culebra. Beyond, on our left, towers Gold hill, 428 feet above the bottom of the canal. Far up on its rocky slope we discern a streak of white paint which marks the level to which the French company carried its excavations. Nearly opposite is Contractor's hill, 361 feet high. As we move between these, the loftiest hills along the route, and pass the location of that notorious "cockroach," the Cucaracha slide, the Pedro Miguel lock stands before us, white in the noonday sun. This, a single flight lock, is 30 feet high, the highest on the canal. Again we are taken in tow by electric mules and in less than half an hour we have been lowered those 30 feet and steam into another artificial body of water, Miraflores lake, only a mile long. At its southern end we pass the town of Miraflores and enter the locks of the same name, a double flight that lets us down once more to sea level.

The exciting part of the passage is over, but there is yet much of interest to see. Down the broad channel we look clear out onto the glittering waters of the Pacific ocean. Nearer at hand, on the left, Ancon hill raises its verdure-clad summit, and clustered on its slopes we see the many structures of the big hospital, the new administration buildings of the canal and the barracks of the marines. And now, steaming between filled-in swamp lands, we come to Balboa, which the government has made into a naval station, with an immense dry dock and extensive machine shops.

Stretching out from Balboa into the Pacific is a breakwater, two miles long, which protects the harbor from storms. At its outer end is a cluster of little islands, Naos, Perico, Culebra and Frangone, and here we pass under the powerful guns that guard the Pacific end of the canal. They are mounted high up on the summits of these rock islets, ridged canyon, one shot from which would sink a battleship, and huge mortars whose shells can be dropped behind Tabago Island 12 miles away in the direction of Japan.

In ten hours we have crossed through the continent and now float on the broad Pacific. As we look back the picturesque city of Panama lies bathed in the light of the western sun and on the side of Ancon hill shines the big white Tirol hotel. The sudden light of the tropics is soon to fall, and already, as far back as we can see along our route and beside the ocean channel, are twinkling the lights that Uncle Sam has set up to guide the world's commerce through this most wonderful of canals which he has built.

Janice—Here's an order from Mrs. Peterkin-Smythe, father.

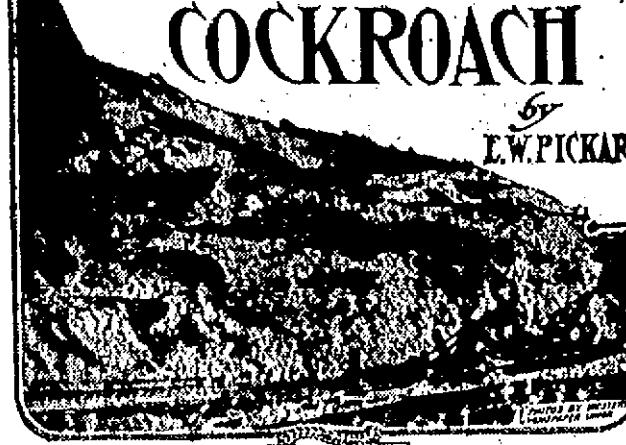
George—Really? Clever woman, Mrs. Peterkin-Smythe. We must do whatever we can to oblige her.

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OUR \$5,000,000 COCKROACH

By E. W. PICKARD



Colon, C. Z.—If you wish to hear "language," just say "Cucaracha" to one of the engineers engaged in building the central division of the Panama canal.

Cucaracha in Spanish means a cockroach. In the Canal Zone it means the greatest of the numerous slides that have made the completion of the Culebra cut so difficult and so expensive. Why that slide was named the cockroach I could not discover. Certainly even the Panamanian cockroach is not so large, and he moves much more swiftly.

Before the first French company quit operations in 1859 the Cucaracha began to slide, and it first gave the Americans trouble in 1905, the second year of their work on the canal. Between then and July 1, 1912, nearly 3,000,000 cubic yards of material was removed from the canal because of it. The slide had broken nearly 3,000 feet from the axis of the canal, and covered an area of 47 acres. Last fall the engineers were congratulating themselves on having the cockroach stopped, but in January it started moving again, and nearly covered the bottom of the cut.

"What is going to be the cost of that slide to the United States?" I asked Colonel Goethals as we stood at the edge of the Culebra cut and looked across the chasm to where the steam shovels and hundreds of men were laboring to remove the vast mass of earth and rock.

"Well," the chief engineer replied, "our estimate is that by the time it is all cleared up, it will have required the expenditure of about \$5,000,000 more than the cut would have cost if the slide had not occurred. It is still moving, and has broken so far back that

"Incidentally, that cut should be a great place for geologists. I have found in it every kind of rock except granite, and many interesting fossils and petrification have been discovered there. In one stratum through which we cut there were found a great number of teeth of prehistoric varieties of sharks."

"What is your opinion concerning the date when the canal will be ready for commerce?" I asked.

"If I had my say," said the colonel emphatically, "not a commercial vessel would be allowed in the canal until it is absolutely complete down to the smallest detail. In some of the many safety devices were not in operation and an accident should result, the canal would get a black eye from which it might not recover for a long time. Officially, the time for the completion of the canal is still January 1, 1915. It may be done before that date, but in March of this year there was still about \$50,000,000 worth of work ahead of us.

"We who have been digging the canal and are still here in positions of responsibility—I mean the members of the Isthmian canal commission—are rather fearful concerning that part of the Adamson bill which permits the president to dissolve the commission whenever in his judgment the canal is near enough to completion.

We feel that it would be extremely unjust not to allow us to remain on the job until after the grand formal opening in January, 1915. It would be much like permitting a boy to complete his university course, and then taking him home before he receives his diploma."

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"And then Colonel Goethals said some things about Mr. Taft's efforts to put into effect that clause last January, which must have made the ex-president's ears tingle a bit.

"The Culebra cut is like a three-ring circus. I don't know which way to look," said one visitor to the zone.

It is indeed a scene of wonderful activity. Giant steam shovels are scattered through it, scooping up enormous masses of rock and earth; on half a dozen tracks on as many different levels shoveling and putting locomotives are swiftly drawing loaded or empty dirt trains; along the ledges are batteries of steam and compressed air drills, making holes for dynamite; suddenly there is a toot-toot of a steam whistle, a hundred men scurry to shelter, and a dynamite blast fills the air with sound and dirt and rocks.

Watching the steam shovels is a favorite occupation of visitors who venture down into the Culebra cut. They seem almost human, and do a vast amount of work. Their dippers hold five cubic yards of material weighing on an average a little more than three tons. This spoil is emptied into carts of several kinds. Flat carts with one high side are unloaded by plows that are drawn the length of the train by cables upon a winding drum. The others are dump carts, the largest of which are operated by compressed air from the locomotive. The trains haul the spoil from the cut to dumping grounds, which on an average are about 12 miles distant. Some 18,000,000 cubic yards of this material was used as filling for the long breakwater at the Pacific entrance.

"And when will boats be passing through the canal?"

"In October," replied Colonel Goethals. "But there will be no celebration over the event. That one in January, 1915, is giving us enough worry, and we don't forget the premature and ridiculous celebration by Ferdinand de Lesseps many years ago. We will just turn the water in—that's all. Then we can complete the excavation there with section dredges, which will do the work cheaply and rapidly."

"What of the future?" I asked. "Is there any danger of slides occurring after the canal is opened?"

"Absolutely none, I believe," he answered. "When the excavating and dynamiting have ceased and the water is in, it will be quite safe. We have the slides and breaks mapped out as far back as there is any indication of their extending, and are working back to those lines. It is merely a matter of persistency and patience."

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"That I cannot say, but the sooner the better, for the operating crews must be properly trained before that January celebration. I wouldn't have an accident occur for anything. If we cannot have commercial vessels going through before then, I shall ask the government to send naval vessels through, so the operating forces can get the experience. Anyhow, I want

"She—I believe there are times when every man deceives his wife.

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"Goodfellow—But you just the minute took a drink.

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"Janice—She—I suppose not. I was mad.

"George—Well, how does he know?

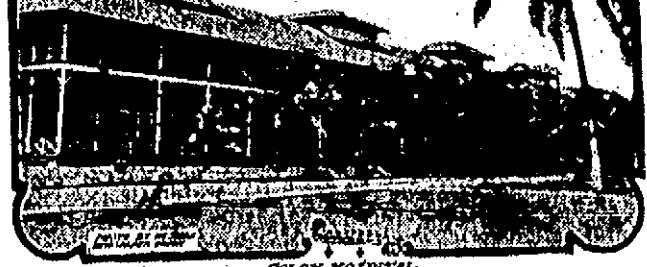
"Goodfellow—Do you keep underground office train here?

"George—No, ma'am; upstairs.

"Goodfellow—This is the ground floor.—Square Deal.

MAKING the ZONE HEALTHFUL

By E. W. PICKARD



Ancon, C. Z.—All the world gives to Col. W. G. Gorgas, chief sanitary officer, and his assistants full credit for the wonderful work they have accomplished in making the Panama canal zone healthful and keeping it so. All the world that knows gives equal greater credit to those American, Italian and English doctors and soldiers who sacrificed their health and lives to save the lives of their men.

Another day I stood with Col. D. B. Galliard, the engineer of the central division, outside his office in Empiro, and watched his army laboring in the cut, the completion of which has been his biggest task and greatest glory. Night at our feet a big area had sunk down 70 feet in a night, and if there had not been warnings of the break a wing of the colonel's office building would have gone down with it. "We had just then to remove that wing," said he, "and my office force is rather nervous now, for there are three big cracks under the main building. I expect it, too, will have to be torn down very soon."

These slides used to make us rather despondent, for it seemed as if they never would stop, but the progress we are making this year has cheered up the operating forces again, and we can see the end of the task.

The slide and the break are quite different. In the former the earth slides at an angle down a sloping face of rock, and in the latter the mass sinks straight down and at the bottom bulges out into the channel. Along both sides of the cut you can see numerous small slides and breaks. Those are in pockets in the rock wall, and annoying as they are, they only need clearing out. This Cucaracha started as a slide and now it is both a slide and a break.

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